Life of Hope

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Life of Hope

by hedonistconstant

Summary

Hannibal and Will have been living together pretty peacefully since Will adopted him up on the side of the road. When Hannibal is gone one day when he comes home from work. Where is he, and will this finally force Will to deal with his feelings?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Wills hums into his cup of coffee. The morning is chilly, and Hannibal is curled up in cat form on his lap. He seems to be asleep, but every time Will strokes down his back Hannibal purrs and pushes up against his hand.

It was nice, the dogs playing in the yard in front of them. Will would have to give them all baths in a little while. But he was enjoying the quiet for a little bit.

Since he met Hannibal, Will hasn't felt lonely. He feels calm at home, surrounded by the things he cares about most. His dogs and his Hannibal.

He still works most days, but this time he spends each morning sitting on the porch, with Hannibal in his lap, and the dogs running around happily is his favorite part of the day.

It is soothing.

Hannibal makes a noise and gets up, jumping off his lap. He runs inside, and Will sighs. Relaxation time is over.

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"Hannibal, you know you have to wear clothes in your human form." Hannibal was laid across the bed, stretching out his body.

"I don't like clothes though, it's ridiculous that you humans wear them. They are so uncomfortable." Hannibal rolls over and stretches out, even more, leaving nothing to the imagination.. Will rolls his eyes, and tries to look away. Hannibal is shameless and seems to enjoy presenting his human body to Will. When Hannibal is in his human form, Will spends most of his time reminding himself that Hannibal is his cat. Not something for him to ogle.

"The clothes are really for me more than they are for you…" Will mumbles under his breath, grabbing his car keys off the counter. Hannibal eyes him as he does it, he has started to get pissy every time that Will prepares to leave. " Lunch is in the fridge, and remember to let out
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the dogs after. I'll be home late today.." Will puts on his jacket as he says this, sticking his phone in his pocket and grabbing his briefcase.

Hannibal stands up and makes his way over to Will, and rubs his face all over Will's neck. He does this every time before Will leaves, possessively marking Will with his scent. Will almost wants to laugh every time he does it because no other human would be able to smell it. And it's not like Will spends a lot of time around other cats while he's at work.

"I wish you would stay home today" Hannibal whispers into his ear, his breath tickling Will. Will smiles and strokes his hair. Hannibal's ears twitch, and Will is sure if he could see his tail it would be agitated. "You are unhappy when you go to work, you should stay home with me."

"Going to work isn't about being happy, I have to work to afford your fancy food." Hannibal makes an annoyed sound, and Will kisses his cheek.

"I'll be home before you know it." Hannibal frowns at him and continues to frown at him as he walks out. Will watches the house for a few minutes before he pulls away. He is going to be late for work if he takes any longer. And as much as he wants to stay home all day with Hannibal and the dogs, he knows he has to go to work unless he wants to end up homeless.

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Work is horrible, as always. Classes are exhausting, and he does his best to avoid Jack's phone calls. As soon as his classes are over, he retreats to the relative safety of his office to grade papers. Two pots of coffee and no food has left his stomach in knots. He is ready for some whiskey and the soft sounds of Hannibal's purrs as they cuddle.

When it is time to leave he all but runs from the building, avoiding anybody that he knows might try to talk to him. He rushes to his car and starts the engine quickly. Ready to get away from the bitter feelings of death and suffering that he faces every time Jack calls. Ready to go home to his sanctuary, his family, Hannibal.

He rushes home, hungry and tired. The type of bone-deep tiredness that the terrible coffee at Quantico cannot change. He has spent the day worrying about Hannibal, although he is trying to convince himself he is being ridiculous. Will has only known him for two months, but

after getting over the initial shock that the cat he found in the night could turn into a man, Will found himself attached to Hannibal in a way that he was never able to connect with other humans.

Which probably said a lot more about Will than he cared to think about right now.

When he gets home, he leaves his briefcase in the car, because if he has to look at any more work tonight he might have a breakdown. Walking up to the house he hears the dogs barking, excited he is home. When he opens the door Will gets on his knees to pet the dogs. They happily lick his face, and he looks up to see Hannibal standing in the kitchen. He has loose pants and a large sweater, his tail poking out of the back of his pants. He turns to Will when he walks in, and he has such a soft smile on his lips that Will momentarily imagines them sharing a kiss

“I started dinner, but I thought you might be home later so it’s not done yet.” Hannibal frowns again like he has failed Will somehow. Will has the urge to wrap his arms around him and hold him close, to erase his frown. Will wonders if there is something wrong with him. Why he is feeling this way about Hannibal, why for the first time in a long time he has affection for something vaguely human-shaped, an affection that could turn into something romantic or sexual. Will wonders if that is a symptom of just how lonely he has become. Hannibal doesn’t deserve that from him.

“It’s alright, I can wait. What are you making?” Hannibal has taken to watching cooking shows while Will was at work, and was getting good at making a range of dishes.

“Just something small. Please, come sit down. Do you want some whiskey?” Will almost wants to laugh, this is so overly domestic. He feels pathetic, as he lets Hannibal take his jacket off, lead him into the kitchen and sit him down. A glass of whiskey appears in his hand before he can think about it. Hannibal’s ears are perked up, and his tail is swaying gently. Will always takes that as a good sign, that Hannibal is happy with what is happening around him, the emotions he hides from his face revealing themselves unconsciously through his body.

“You are in a good mood tonight. You were so upset this morning.” Will mumbles around the whiskey glass. He takes a sip and sinks into the chair. Hannibal has spent the whole day cleaning, by the lack of dog hair around him. He wondered sometimes, which form Hannibal preferred. If he would rather be human.

“I’m always in a good mood when you are here,” Hannibal says without looking at him, doing something with the food before he plates it. Will takes one look at it, and his stomach rumbles. “I am only sad when you have to leave.” He sets the plate in front of Will before he sets down his own. His manners are always perfect, and Will constantly wonders where he learned them. From what he understood of Hannibal’s past, he hasn’t spent a lot of time in his human form.

Even though he still retained some of his cat-like traits when in human form, sometimes Will would forget that he was a cat at all. He ate human food, silverware in hand. He ate with such easy elegance that Will couldn’t figure out if he was in awe, or jealous. Will had never done anything that easily in his life. Although Hannibal had been through the cycle of adoption and abandonment multiple times, he seemed to attach himself to Will so easily. As soon as Will had said he could stay, Hannibal had seemed comfortable giving Will his trust and affection.

“I’m sorry I have to leave. The outside world calls for me though..” Will waves his hand before he picks up his silverware and takes a bite. It is delicious as always, Hannibal is talented in the kitchen. The cooking shows really must be paying off, he thinks as he slowly eats his way through the plate of food in front of him. Hannibal has paused in his eating to watch him.

“What if you didn’t have to leave me here? What if I could go with you?”

Will looks at him surprised and squints at him.

“Hannibal, you can’t. You know why.” Will sounds sad to his ears. Hannibal could never leave the house unless he was in cat form. Will isn’t sure he understands how Hannibal exists, but he knows that people on the outside will be even less accepting if they found out. Hannibal puts down his silverware and stands up. Will can tell that he’s upset and stands up as well, walking over to him to put his hand lightly on his chest. “I’m sorry.” Hannibal doesn’t answer him. With a small pop, Hannibal transforms back into his cat form and walks away from Will to hide under the dresser.

Will can’t reach him under there, and Hannibal knows it. Hannibal only hides from Will when he is truly upset. Will sighs, and downs the rest of his whiskey and starts on the dishes. He wishes he could do something to make Hannibal feel better, but he knows he probably never will.

End Notes

Fine me on twitter here
https://twitter.com/grantairess

Find my wonderful beta here: https://twitter.com/vinylmurdersuit

Thank you for reading! This one was written because of the great response i got on the first part! There will be sex in the third chapter, and because Hannibal is a cat-hybrid I will do a mix of a/b/o there. So please keep that in mind as you read.

First part: https://archiveofourown.org/works/22430995

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